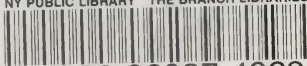


THE SPRING CLEANING



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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Burnett

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“My Green Workers spread out in *their* line face to face
with them”

The Spring Cleaning

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By

Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

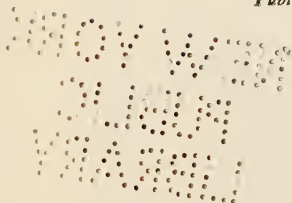
With Illustrations by Harrison Cady



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IT is just the hundreds and thousands of things I have to do for people like the Racketty-Packetty House dolls and Winnie and the Rooks and the Cozy Lion that makes it impossible for me to attend to my literary work. Of course, nothing ever would get told if I didn't tell it, and how is a person to find time for stories when she works seventy-five hours a day. You may say that there are not seventy-five hours in a day, but I know better. I work seventy-five hours every day whether they are there or not.

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“I and my Green Workers waken everything up”

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THE SPRING CLEANING

OF course you don't understand what I mean by my Spring Cleaning. That is because you know next to nothing about Fairy ways. I suppose you think that Spring comes just because April comes and you imagine I have nothing to do with it. There's where you are mistaken. April might come and stay for a year and nothing would happen if *I* did not set things going. In the Autumn I put ev-

everything to bed and in the Spring I and my Green Workers waken everything up—and a nice time we have of it. After it is all over my Green Workers are so tired I let them go to sleep for a month.

Last Spring was a very tiresome one. It was so slow and obstinate that there were days when I thought I would n't have any Spring at all and would just begin with Summer. I have done it before and I'll do it again if I'm aggravated.

I would have done it then but for Bunch. Bunch was the little girl who lived at the vicarage and she was called Bunch because



11 ANNE

Bunch

when she was a very fat baby with a great many short frilly petticoats sticking out all round her short legs, she was so cozy and good-tempered that some one said she was nothing but a bunch of sweetness, and very soon every one called her Bunch. She was eight years old, and she was little, and chubby, and funny, but she was always laughing, or had just stopped laughing, or was just going to begin to laugh, and that's the kind of child I like—it's the kind Fairies always like—Green Workers and all. Her father was the vicar of a very old church in a very old English village where a

good many poor people lived, and all the cottagers liked her. Old Mrs. Wiggles, who was bedridden, always stopped grumbling when Bunch came to see her, and old Daddy Dimp, who was almost stone deaf, always put his hand behind his ear and bent down sideways so that she could stand on tiptoe and shout out to him :

“How are your rheumatics to-day, Daddy? I’ve brought you a screw of tobacco.”

Because she never had more than a halfpenny she could not bring him more than a ha’porth screwed up in a bit of paper, but I can tell you he did like it and he

used to chuckle, and grin, and rub his old hands and say .

“Thank ’ee, Miss. ’Ere’s a bit o’ comfort,” and he would be as pleased as Punch.

Bunch was rather like the cheerful dolls in Racketty-Packetty House. For instance, she was never the least bit cross or unhappy because she never had a new hat in the Summer, but always had to have her old leghorn one pressed out and never knew what was going to be put on it by way of trimming. Sometimes it was a piece of second-hand ribbon her Aunt Jinny had worn the year before, and sometimes it was a

wreath of rather shabby flowers her mama found in an old box and straightened the leaves of, and once it was a bunch of cherries and some lace which had been her grandmama's dress cap. But Bunch used always to say, "Well it *is* a nice one this year, is n't it?" and go to church and sit in the vicarage pew as cheerfully as if the little children from the Hall, whose pew was next to hers, were not as grand as could be in their embroidered frocks and hats with white plumes and fresh carnations, or daisies, or roses. The little Bensons—who were the Hall children—loved her and her hat and



HARRISON [ADY]

“‘I’ve brought you a screw of tobacco’”

were always so excited on the Sunday when the new trimming appeared that they couldn't sit still on their seats and wriggled shamefully. If they had not had a nice governess they would have been frowned at during the service and scolded on the way home and perhaps not allowed to have any pudding, at least two Sundays in a year—the Sunday when Bunch's hat came to church in its Summer trimmings and the Sunday when it came out disguised for Winter, either with steamed and cleaned velvet bows, or covered with a breadth of a relation's old silk dress. The time Aunt Jinny had

given her mother a piece of a blue silk party frock just big enough to cover the hat all over and leave something for rosettes, I can tell you Bunch *was* grand and the little Bensons were so delighted that they whispered to each other, and Jack Benson even winked at her over the top of their pew. Three-year-old Billie Benson, who had been brought to church for the first time, actually clapped his hands and spoke out loud:

“Bunchy boofle boo hat!” he said, and he was only stopped by his eldest sister Janey seizing his hand and saying into his ear in a hollow whisper:



The Primrose World

“People never speak in church! They *never* do! They’ll think you are a baby.”

I am telling you about the hat because it will show you how little money Bunch had and how if she did anything for poor people she had to do it without spending anything, and I and my Green Workers had to help her. That was how it happened that my Spring Cleaning was so important that year.

At the back of the vicarage garden there was a place which was so lovely in the Springtime that when you saw it first you simply could not bear to stand still. Bunch

called it the Primrose World. It was a softly sloping hill with a running stream at its foot and a wood at the other side of the stream, and in March and April it blossomed out into millions of primroses—not thousands, but millions—and it was all one carpet of pale yellow flowers from top to bottom. Never was anything so beautiful. You could go out with a basket and pick, and pick, and pick, and carry your basket home and bring back another one and pick, and pick, and pick, and you could bring all your friends and pick, and pick, and pick, and you could get your little spades and

dig up clumps, and dig up clumps, and dig up clumps, and plant them in your own garden, or your friends' gardens and still the Primrose World would look as if no one had ever touched it and the carpet of pale yellow blossoms would be as thick and wonderful as ever.

Now it happened that year that the Primrose World was more important to Bunch than it had ever been before. As soon as the thick yellow carpet was spread she was going to have a party—a Primrose party. Just let me tell you about it. There is a day in England which is called Primrose Day in memory of a great man whose fa-

vorite flower was the primrose. On that day people go about with bunches of primroses on their dresses, and even horses have primroses decorating their ears. The great man's statue is hung and wreathed and piled about with primroses, and primroses are carried everywhere. Tons of them must be brought to Covent Garden Flower Market, and all the street corner flower sellers sit with their baskets full to sell to passers-by.

It happened that the year before last Bunch was taken to London by her Aunt Jinny. The hat was done up and Aunt Jinny put some real primroses in it for fun, and



“All the street corner flower sellers sit with their
baskets full”

Bunch carried a large primrose bouquet in her hand, and had some pinned on her coat. I myself—Queen Crosspatch—went with her on the bouquet because I thought she might need a Fairy.

She enjoyed herself very much.

“It looks as if the Primrose World had taken a ticket at the station and come to London for a holiday,” she said.

She and Aunt Jinny did ever so many nice things, but my business is just to tell you about the one thing that happened that made the Spring Cleaning so important.

It was a rather cold and windy English Spring day and as we were

waiting for a penny 'bus, suddenly a torn, shabby, old, straw hat came flying across the street and danced about on the pavement.

“There 's a hat!” Bunch cried out. “The wind has blown it off some little girl's head,” and she bounced forward and picked it up before it could get away again.

“I wonder who it belongs to,” said Bunch.

“Look across the street,” I whispered to her. She was one of the children who can hear Fairies speaking though they don't know they hear them. They imagine that a Fairy's voice is their own thoughts.



A. R. S. N. J. D. Y.

“‘There ’s a hat!’ Bunch cried out ”

She looked across the street, which was crowded with people, and cabs, and carriages, and omnibuses, and there on the other side was a thin, bare-headed little flower girl looking up and down and everywhere for her hat. She looked so worried and unhappy that Bunch said :

“ Oh! I do wish a Fairy would take me across the street to her! ”

That minute I made the big policeman hold up his hand and the omnibuses, and carts, and carriages, and cabs, all stopped as if a giant had ordered them to do it, and Bunch and Aunt Jinny skurried across with the rest of the people,

and of course I went over on the biggest primrose in the bouquet.

The thin little flower girl was looking all about, and tears had come into her eyes. She was a forlorn looking child and had a battered basket on her arm with a few shabby bunches of primroses in it which were as forlorn as herself.

Bunch ran to her quite out of breath with hurry.

“Here’s your hat,” she cried out. “The wind carried it across the street and I picked it up.”

The thin little girl looked as delighted as if it had been as beautiful as Janey Benson’s hat with the long ostrich feather.

"Oh, my! I am glad!" she said. "Thank yer, Miss."

"Look at her shabby primroses," I whispered in Bunch's ear, and she looked and saw she had only a few little wilted miserable bouquets.

"Do you sell primroses for a living?" she asked the flower girl.

"Yes, Miss."

"You have n't many, have you?" said Bunch.

"They was dear, this year, Miss, 'cos the Spring is so late. These was all I could get an' nobody wants to buy them. I 've not 'ad no luck."

Bunch put her big fresh bouquet

into the basket, and unpinned those on her coat, and whisked those out of her hat in a minute.

“These are nice ones,” she said. “Sell them. They came out of my Primrose World.”

The thin little flower girl was so glad she could scarcely speak, and that instant I beckoned to a gentleman who was passing by. He did not know that a Fairy—and Queen Crosspatch at that—had beckoned to him, but he stopped and spoke.

“Hello!” he said. “Those look as if they came from the country. I ’ll take them all.”

“They came from the Primrose



Illustration by John

“ ‘I ’ll take them all’ ”

World," Bunch said. "Thank you for buying them."

"The Primrose World?" he said. I could see he was a nice man. "There must be Fairies there." And he picked up the flowers and after he had looked from Bunch to the thin little flower girl, and from the thin little flower girl to Bunch, he actually threw into the basket a whole five shilling piece, which was about five times as much as they were worth. But I had flown on to his shoulder and told him he must do it.

The thin little flower girl stared at Bunch as if she thought *she* was a Fairy.

“Miss! Miss!” she gasped out.
“Is that Primrose World true?”

Then I whispered in Bunch’s ear and she caught hold of her Aunt Jinny’s coat. She imagined she had a new thought of her own—but *I* had made her think it.

“Aunt Jinny,” she said in great excitement, “next year when the Primrose World is all out, could n’t this little girl come to the vicarage, and could n’t we go and pick, and pick, and pick, and could n’t the Bensons come and help us to pick, and pick, and pick, and could n’t the village children come and pick, and pick, and pick, until she had as many primroses as ever anybody

could sell?" She was a sudden child, and she whirled round to the flower girl again.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Jane Ann Biggs," the girl answered.

"Could n't she—could n't we—could n't they, Aunt Jinny?" cried Bunch. "Would n't father let us?"

Aunt Jinny laughed as she often laughed at Bunch.

"We'll take Jane Ann Biggs's address and talk it over when we go home," she answered.

And that was the beginning of the Primrose party. Of course I

was the person who talked it over with the vicar and his wife, though they could neither see me nor hear my voice. *I* arranged it all. The next year, the day before Primrose Day, Jane Ann Biggs was to come down from London very early in the morning, and as many primroses as could be picked were to be sent back with her in a hamper so that she would have enough to make shillings, and shillings, and shillings by selling them.

The little Bensons nearly danced their legs off with joy at the thought of the fun they were going to have, and the fun the thin little flower girl was going to have.



Jane Ann Biggs

The village children who were asked to help could think of nothing else, until a great many of them actually forgot their multiplication tables and said that twice four was twenty-two, and things like that. As to Bunch, she dreamed of the Primrose party three nights a week and she cheered up old Mrs. Wiggles and Daddy Dimp by telling them about it until they forgot to think of their legs and backs and felt quite young and sprightly.

“Bless us! Bless us! Bless us!” they said, in the most joyful manner. And Daddy Dimp even said that he believed “come Spring-time” he would “go and take a pick

himself, same as if he was n't more than seventy."

You can just see how important it was that my Spring Cleaning should be done and all the Primrose World in bloom the day before Primrose Day so that everything would be ready for the party.

I began to be anxious and watch things almost as soon as Christmas was over. I called all my Green Workers together and gave them a good talking to.

"Now," I said, "You must get new frost brooms and have your tools sharpened and your tuggers in order, and be ready at a moment's notice. There is to be no loitering

this year and no saying that your brooms are worn out, or your tuggers want mending." (A tugger is a little green rope the Green Workers tug at the slow flowers with when they won't come up. The Green Workers have a great many tools human beings don't know anything about. Mine have a flower opener which I could recommend to any Fairy.)

But that Spring *was* stubborn and slow. I thought it would never come. Snow kept falling when it had no right to fall, and the Frost Imps had added millions to their Standing Army and they would not stop working in the

night. But one morning in March when they had spread out a frost I felt sure it was late enough to be the very last one and I knew there was no time to lose—not a minute. So I called out my Green Workers with their brooms.

“Begin the Spring Cleaning at once,” I ordered. “Sweep every particle of frost off the grass and all the evergreens, and polish up the shrubs and trees. If there are any bits of ice on the twigs where buds may be thinking of pushing through, be sure to knock them off. Go round to all the violets and crocuses and daffodils and knock at their doors. Call the



“‘Is your surplice clean?’ I shouted out. ‘And where is your book?’”

dormice and don't let them roll up into balls and go to sleep again. Tell them I won't have it. Give the gentlemen birds the names and addresses of the young lady birds who need valentines. And let them know that I expect all the nests to be built with the modern improvements."

They flew off in flocks so fast that they made a whizzing sound in the air. Then I flew over the fields to the very oldest elm-tree and called on The Reverend Cawker Rook. Of course I found him sitting huddled up on the very top-most branch, dozing, with his head sunk on his shoulder.

“Is your surplice clean?” I shouted out. “And where is your book?”

He began shuffling and blinking and winking sleepily.

“Eh! Eh! Eh!” he stuttered. “You do startle a person so with your sudden ways!”

“Eh! Eh! Eh!” I answered. “If you would be a little sudden yourself now and then, business would be better attended to. I have begun my Spring Cleaning and it is time for you to prepare for the bird weddings.”

He is a slow old thing but I stirred him up and left him fumbling about in the hole in the tree trunk

where he kept his surplice and his prayer-book.

I stirred everything up that day—flower roots and trees and birds and dormice and by afternoon the Green Workers had swept off all the frost, until everything was as neat as could be. I put on my cap and apron and helped them myself. When the day was over I was glad enough to tuck myself up in my moss bed in my winter palace under the rose garden, and I slept till morning without once turning over.

When daylight came and I got up and put on my field-mouse fur coat and hood and gloves, and

went outside, what do you suppose had happened! The Frost Imps had brought their army out again and had been working all night, and things were worse than ever. The grass was white and glittering, the dormice had rolled themselves up into balls and gone to sleep again, the gentlemen and lady birds were turning their backs on one another, and the Reverend Cawker Rook had shuffled his book and his surplice back into the hole in the tree trunk and he was huddled up on the topmost branch, dozing, with his head sunk in his shoulders.

“ I shall lose my temper in a



HARRISON ROY

A Frost Imp

minute!" I said, and then I suddenly remembered I had n't any Temper to lose, because I had lost the only one I had just before I decided to write The Troubles of Queen Silverbell and I had never found him since. So as I felt that I must lose something I lost my pocket handkerchief instead. I flew over to the Primrose World in such a hurry that I was quite out of breath when I got there. It was covered with dead leaves and the dead leaves were covered with frost and you could not believe it had ever even *heard* of a primrose. I stamped about and *stamped* about. Of course I knew that if this sort of

thing went on I never never could get it ready in time for Bunch and the party and Jane Ann Biggs.

And while I was stamping about I heard a rustling of the dead leaves and there was Bunch herself, and I could see she was neither laughing, nor was just going to laugh, and she had not just finished laughing either. She did not look like Bunch in the least.

“There is another frost,” she said. “The primroses will never come at all.”

I flew on to her arm and called out to her as loud as I could :



She went down on her knees and began to push the dead leaves

“She went down on her knees and began to push the
dead leaves”

“Don’t be frightened. I will manage it somehow.”

And of course she felt as if she had had a cheerful thought, and a smile began to curl up her nice red mouth.

“I won’t be frightened,” she said. “I will believe that somehow they will come up—even if Fairies have to come and pull them.”

You see the truth is that all the nice thoughts that children have—the really nice things—are things that Fairies tell them.

She went down on her knees and began to push the dead leaves away from a place where she saw a bit of green sticking up. The

bit of green was the new leaf of a primrose and she uncovered it and found two or three more—very little and very cold.

“Oh! you darling fings,” she said, talking baby talk to them. “You darling fings!” And she stooped and kissed them and kissed them. “Do come up,” she said, patting the earth round them with her warm little hand. “Do come up. Try and try and try. Jane Ann Biggs does so want you.”

I could not stand it a minute longer. I left her and flew across the Primrose World and into the wood on the other side of the stream. I alighted on the top of

a tree and put my golden trumpet
to my lips and called out just as I
did that day on the Huge Green
Hill when I was reforming the Cozy
Lion. This was what I called out
this time :

Green Workers! Green Workers!

Halloa!

Green Workers! Green Workers!

Ho! Ho!

Come East and come West,

Come o'er the hill crest,

Come ready for friend

Or for foe!

Come ready to polish

And sweep!

Come ready to crawl

And to creep!

Come ready to sing
While you clean for the Spring
Come ready to bound
Hop and leap!

In two minutes the air was all green and buzzy with them. They came this way and that, and that way and this. They came in flocks, they came in clouds, they nearly knocked each other down they came so fast. The fact is some of them had guessed they were being called to do something for Bunch and they all liked her.

The wood was full of them, they crowded together on the ground and hung in clusters from the

branches. And they all chanted together.

All steady — all steady

Fly we

All ready — all ready

You see!

From East and from West

To do your behest

Whatever it chances to be.

I could not wait a moment. I told them the whole story about Bunch and Jane Ann Biggs and the Primrose Party. They got so excited that the wood buzzed as if fifty million beehives had been upset in it.

“What shall we do! What shall

we do! This is work for us—
s-s-s-s-s-s-s-!" they said, in their
tiny voices.

"This is what you will do," I
answered. "Never until the Prim-
rose World is ready must you go
to bed. You must stay up and
watch every single night. Then
when the Frost Imps come out to
do their work you must all gather
in a long line behind them and
sweep off the frost as fast as they
put it on. At this time of the year
they are very tired of their winter
work, and they really want to go
to bed for their summer sleep.
If you undo their work they will
get discouraged and not come any

more. The great thing is that Frost Imps cannot turn round because their necks are made of icicles and would break, and they won't know what is happening behind them. They can only see when the army is turned to march home."

The Green Workers shrieked and laughed and rolled about with delight. They were not only fond of Bunch, but they did not like the Frost Imps because they interfered with fun.

That night they were ready dressed in their warmest green smocks, and carrying their brooms. We were all hiding in the Primrose

World when Bunch came out to look at it. She had on her little red cloak and hood and was mournful.

“It is so cold,” she sighed. “I am afraid there will be another frost to-night.”

If she could have heard Fairies she would have heard the Green Workers just squeal as they rolled about under the dead leaves and thought of the fun they were going to have.

When it was quite dark and every one was in bed and the Primrose World was as still as still could be, we heard the Frost Imps creeping along. They came to the



“ ‘ I am afraid there will be another frost to-night ’ ”

top of the slope and stretched their whole army in a long line. Then their general gave his orders in an icy voice, saying slowly :

Frost, frost begin to freeze,
Grass and moss and buds and trees,
 Leave nothing peeping.
Pinch, nip and bind them fast,
Till each bud when you have passed
 Stiff and cold, lies sleeping.

Then the army marched forward and began. They worked as hard as they could, fastening the ice crystals on everything and even putting ice sheathes on some poor things. But my Green Workers were spread out in a line behind

them — a Green Worker behind each Frost Imp, and as fast as an Imp covered a bud, or a twig, or a peeping green primrose leaf, the Green Workers behind him swept off the crystals or broke off the ice sheathes. I never saw them work quite as fast. They were so excited and hot that they melted ice crystals just by coming near them. They thought it would be such fun when the Imps turned round to march home and found all their work undone — and serve them right! They hopped and rushed about so that they made a noise and as the Imps could not turn their icicle necks they began to feel

frightened. They knew something must be behind them and they could not tell *what* was going to happen to them.

When they were nearly at the foot of the hill they began to make little groans and sighs, and at last all along the line you could hear them saying this in a kind of creepy chant:

What *is* the meaning of this?

Behind us something rustles,

What is the meaning of *this*?

Behind us something bustles,

What is the meaning of this?

Behind us something hustles.

It 's something very queer and
very bold.

What is the *meaning* of this?

Behind us things are sweeping.

What is the meaning of this?

Behind us things are leaping.

What is the meaning of *this*?

Behind us things are creeping.

It really makes MY BLOOD
RUN COLD!

And by that time they had reached the bottom of the hill and wheeled round all in a line ready to march home. And there were my Green Workers spread out in *their* line face to face with them. And their work was all undone and it startled them so and made them so hot that they gave one wild shriek and their icicle necks broke,

their heads fell off, and the whole army melted away — General Freeze and all.

After that night we never left the primroses a minute. They had been cold so long that they were half dead with sleep. So the Green Workers never stopped going round from one to the other to knock at their doors and tell them they *must* wake up. They told them about Bunch and the party and Jane Ann Biggs. They called it out, they sang it, they shouted it. They knocked on their doors, they thumped on their doors, they kicked on their doors. The primroses were not really lazy, but the

cold had stupefied them, and when they were wakened they just drawled out, "In a min-ute-" and fell asleep again, and the Green Workers had to thump and kick on their doors again. When they did waken at last they were so stiff that they could hardly move. It took them so long to push a green leaf through the earth and when they got one through they could not get it any further.

Bunch used to come down with the little Bensons and say:

"They are so slow in growing. I never saw them so slow. Look what weenty leaves."



“ It was from Jane Ann Biggs ”

So we brought out the Green Delves and the Green Tuggers. The Delves brought their tiny spades and dug the earth loose round all the roots, and the Tuggers brought their ropes and fastened them round every least bit of a leaf they saw, and pulled, and tugged, and tugged and pulled until they dragged them up into the light so that they grew in spite of themselves and drew their brother and sister leaves after them.

But there was such a short time to do it in and Bunch and the Bensons sometimes looked so frightened, and one day they brought a letter with them and it

was from Jane Ann Biggs and this was what it said:

Dere mis

 wil the primrosses bee reddy

 Jane ann bigs.

It was bad spelling but Jane Ann had never been to school. There was only a week more to work and I should nearly have gone crazy only Fairies never do. And suddenly one night I thought of hot water bags.

“Get two or three million fairy hot water bags,” I said to my head Green Workers, Skip and Trip and Flip and Nip. “Get them at once.”



The Green Workers bringing the hot water bags

They got them before sunset and all that night the whole army of Green Workers ran from one clump of primroses to the other putting the hot water bags close to the roots and keeping them almost as warm as if they had been in a greenhouse. The next morning the sun came out and kept them warm all day and more green leaves and more green leaves began to show above the earth every few minutes.

“Hooray! Hooray!” the Workers shouted all together. “Now we have got them.”

The next night we used more hot water bags and the next day

the sunshine was warmer still and the green leaves thrust themselves up on every side and began to uncurl.

Dear me! how we did work for four nights and how the primroses did work in the daytime. And on the fourth day Bunch and all the little Bensons came out together and in two minutes after they bent down to look at the clumps of green leaves they sprang up shouting:

“There are buds! There are buds! There are buds! And lots of them are yellow!”

They ran about up and down the Primrose World, darting here



“ Birds began to sit on boughs together ”

and there and screaming for joy and at last they joined hands and danced and danced in a ring round a huge cluster which had on it a dozen wide open pale yellow primroses.

“I believe the Fairies did it,” said Bunch. “I just believe it!”

“I just believe it!”

There was such excitement that the very trees got interested and began pushing out leaves and leaves as fast as they could, everything began to push out leaves, birds began to sit on boughs together and propose to each other with the loudest trills and twitters, dormice waked up and rabbits and

squirrels began to frisk about and whisk tails. Old Cawker Rook shuffled on his surplice and fussed about with his book in such a flurry to do something that he married birds who had n't asked him—married them the minute he saw them. He was quite out of breath with marrying, and on the fifth day he accidentally married a squirrel to a lady woodpecker just because they chanced to be on the same tree and he was in such a hurry that he dropped his spectacles and did not know what he was doing. If I had not been on the spot to unmarry them at once, no one knows what might have happened. As it was

the lady woodpecker nearly pecked the squirrel's eyes out.

Well on two days before Primrose Day the Primrose World was a sight to behold. It had seventeen million more primroses on it then than it had ever had before and they were all twice as big and twice as lovely.

When Jane Ann Biggs came and was brought out by Bunch and the little Bensons her eyes looked like saucers and she sat very suddenly flat down on the ground.

“Miss,” said Jane Ann Biggs to Bunch, “Is this 'ere the earth or 'ave I died an' gone to 'eving?”

Bunch and the Bensons pulled her up and made her dance round with them.

“No!” they shouted. “You’re alive! You’re alive! You’re really alive! And this is the Primrose World.”

Then the village children came to help and every one had a basket and they picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and picked and Daddy Dimp came and picked and picked and picked and picked and Mrs. Wiggles’s grandson brought her in a wheel barrow and when she sat down and began to pick I made her forget all about her legs and



“ Mrs. Wiggles’s grandson brought her in a
wheelbarrow ”

she stood up and found that they were quite well and she need never be bedridden or need never grumble any more.

My Green Workers picked as well. The children could not understand why their baskets filled so soon.

It was the most beautiful party that I ever went to. The vicarage cook made perfectly delightful things to eat and the vicarage housemaid, and the boy who weeds the garden, brought them out and spread them on beds of primroses and everybody was so hungry and happy that Jane Ann Biggs clutched Bunch's sleeve six times and said:

“ Oh! Miss! Are yer sure it’s not ’eving? ”

The vicar had arranged about sending the primroses to town in hampers so that they would be all fresh in the morning. He was such a nice vicar and only preached quite short sermons and they were only about things you can really do—like being cheerful and loving one another.

So hampers and hampers of primroses went to town and Jane Ann Biggs sold them to men in Covent Garden Market and kept a hamper of perfect beauties to sell at big houses herself. She really



HARRISON LADY

3945184

"The vicarage housemaid, and the boy who weeds the
garden brought them out"

made quite a little fortune—for a thin flower girl.

And the best of it was that she and Bunch and the Bensons were such friends that it was arranged that she should come to the Primrose World every single Spring so she would have it to look forward to all the year.



NOW that's the story of just ONE of my Spring Cleanings, and if it does not show you how much I have to do and how nothing could happen without me, you must be rather stupid. What I am going to tell you next I don't know yet, so I can't print the name of it. But as soon as I have time I will tell you something. You see I have told you five things already.

QUEEN CROSSPATCH.



"The vicar had arranged about sending the primroses
to town "

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